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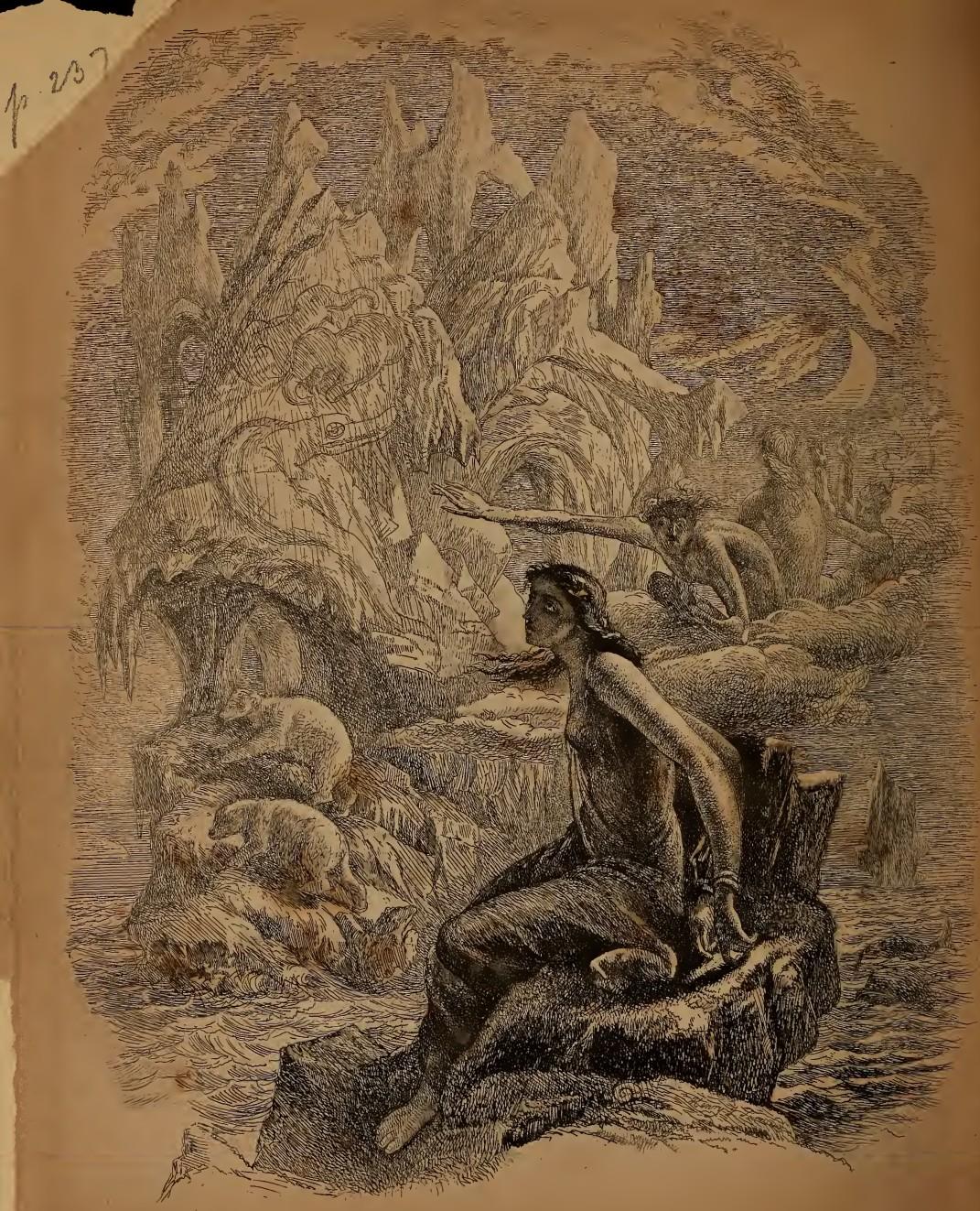
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# A N D R O M E D A :

And other Poems.

BY WILLIAM DUFF TELFER.

WITH AN

Illustrative Etching

BY H. J. TOWNSEND, Esq.,

MEMBER OF THE ETCHING CLUB.

"What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on."—*Laurence Sterne*.

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To E. M. T.

*These Poems*

ARE VERY SINCERELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## Andromeda.

---

YOU ALL know the old heathen story, that telleth how the Ladye Mother of ANDROMEDA was punished for boasting her Daughter was fairer than Queen Venus, and the Beauty placed on a Rock to be devoured, and how happily she was rescued by SIR PERSEUS coming home from the conquest of the Gorgons, and armed with Medusa's Head, that turned living things into stone: and how Sir Perseus did for his reward gain her hand in marriage, as that old legend fairly sheweth.



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As in a dream of strange calamity,  
There hangeth o'er us sometimes in this world  
An air-suspended sword that whirls and trembles,  
Betwixt the lids of our upturnèd eyes ;  
Yet,—(as with fascinated bird within  
The charm'd and fiery gaze of crested snake,)  
GOD omnipresent oft doth hurl afar  
The gleaming foe in moment of its triumph,  
And awakes the awèd forces of a prostrate life ;  
And the releasèd prisoner once more  
Scaleth the dome of day, and pours again  
His hymn celestial to the viewless stars.



## ANDROMEDA.

---

THE flower petals that from time to time  
Did flutter down all wither'd from her hair,  
Prelude her fate....Beneath that torrid clime  
Death, tyger-ey'd, looked out all grimly from his lair.

Her pulse beat like a mourner's foot,  
Keeping time to a funeral dirge ;  
Her white tongue clave from point to root  
To her palate's arch, from verge to verge.

Her hair was lank ; her skin, (except the sun  
Had bronz'd and blistered it,) was wan and sallow,  
And the dead glare of the white daylight shun  
Her eyes, bloodshot, and yellow.

The shark had left the spot,—the carrion bird  
That scents decay afar had shrieking flitted,  
The solitary limpet only stirr'd  
In holes sea-filled and pitted.

A flat unbroken sky,—a still and waveless sea,  
A haunted silence,—a monotony,  
Where spectral fancies semblanced living state,  
And Nature brooded dark, and lowered suppressed and  
muttering hate.

Relief was vain—the hoped-for aid  
And dreaded foe remain aloof,  
And came not to that ill-star'd Maid,  
Either from wave, or heaven roof.

Dry were her eyes, parchèd her face,  
Bare the woof of the mind whereon memory weaves ;  
And her breathing faint, in that drear place,  
As autumn wind among dried yellow leaves.

The Sun at first had drunk the tears  
She daily poured. His fierce desire  
Insatiate burned. The founts of tears  
Answered—but quenched not his fire

Poured down from middle ether on her there  
Unshrouded standing 'neath heav'n's silent vault :  
The Sea all motionless stirr'd not the air  
Filled with the pricking essence of the salt.

The ghostly Phantoms of this life did stand  
On either side about her,—Fear and Hope,  
The Torturer and the Leech—one dark, one bland,  
Strainèd the offskip far, or brought it close to hand.

Her Mind was stretch'd out o'er the sea,  
As on a mighty Rack, in pain  
And torture-wrung,—in doubt to see  
Mercy's compassion moved and gentle eyes again.

With Spectres crouched Despair, on distant shore  
His Shadow rocking o'er sky, sea, and sands,  
And ever and anon were raised in air  
His meagre, will-less, supplianting hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

By turns the fitful Elemental Sprites  
Now pitied, and shewed her hidden things  
Of subtle import;—Now, in demon-flights,  
They crowd upon her woes, in tangled rings.

Once did the Syrens on the western wind  
Ravish her ear with dulcet melodies,  
And strains,—so phrenzying her diseasèd mind,  
Eager her soul the prison-corpse defies.

Till a deep swoon all over her was cast ;  
And as her ear still drank the magic tones,  
Her wildered fancy followed ;—till at last  
It lost itself 'mongst rocks and whitening bones.

And there, in doubt, perplexity, and dread,  
It wandered like one wicked, seeking rest,  
That ever phantom driven, phantom led,  
No change of work, or lands brings solace to his breast.

Beset on mountain paths with shadow fears,  
That dog his steps,—dim, muttering, awful shapes,—  
And watched in peopled cities, he appears  
To start at echoes his own footfall apes.

When Syren-voiced the air seemed wholly filled,  
With tempting tones, soft, low, and subtle minded,  
And happy laughter that contagious stilled  
Her strength, and all her mortal senses blinded.

Then from her lips, with scarce intent, or motion,  
In matchless floods of song her soul was poured :  
Now, o'er the calm waves of the hushèd ocean,  
And now, to farthest skies, in liquid notes it soared.

### THE SONG.

The Sun hath steeped the landscape  
In a silent flood of gold,  
The clouds are lying long outdrawn  
Above the distant wold.

In heaven high above my head,  
The purple space is spread ;  
The moon and stars reflected stud  
The water-lily bed.

And all my pleasant fatherland  
Lies fillèd with the sun ;  
And here and there, grey silver threads  
The scarce tracked rivers run.

From sapphire hills, that distant gleam  
To these enamelled trees,  
That fragrant raise their glowing heads  
To hail the evening breeze.

The evening notes of tiny birds,  
And morning song they thankful raise,  
Are mingled as with angel's words,  
In tuneful notes of volum'd praise.

And as on ambient air I float,  
To heaven flower-bells their incense cast,  
Happy as wood-dove in her cote,  
A blissful dream-sense curtained hangs  
O'er the shade-haunted past.

O happy state of blissful rest,  
O song of joyful call,  
Thou harmony of my unrest,  
Thou solace of a weary breast ;  
From high thy accents fall:

But here the melody fell—mad thrills of joy  
O'ermastering will and utterance in a sense  
Of quivering and ineffable delight ;—till thence  
Thought thus her changeful Iris raised in this low sweet  
cadence.

“ And now from far my roya city’s walls,  
“ Templed and palaced, lift their lofty spires,  
“ And mooned, or starlike as the sunbeams fall,  
“ They blaze in the dead sky like dark magician’s fires.

“ But all the mourning marks are spread  
“ On house, and altar, and sack-clothèd head,  
“ Upon all men the insatiate Miser-shade  
“ Hath desolation shed.

“ My father thron’d in grave state sits ;  
“ And justice metes, and state commands ;  
“ But round from throne to altar place,  
“ A mighty people mournful stands.

“ And here my Mother in her bower lies,  
“ Prone on her face, with arms extended ;  
“ And at long intervals her sighs  
“ Are shuddered as her life had ended.

“ But let me press my lips  
“ To thy loved lips once more,  
“ Wake, Mother, wake,—  
“ Thy cause of sorrow’s o’er.

“ The Vision changes,—Shadows flit,  
“ Dark Apparition Shapes of guilèd men ;  
“ And Women spectral—in quaint caverns sit,  
“ And joy to look on them.

“ And now—It *was* a vision only,—  
“ Comes that cold rock, and dashing sea again,—  
“ O Death, dear Death, to thyself take me wholly,  
“ Monarch of Life and Pain.”

The round moon came, and beat upon her brain,  
And all her many tides of blood were turned  
Back from their course, into their source again ;  
And o’er the darkened lamp the spirit hovering burned.

Keeping no count of day, or hour,  
Barren the sights of Sea, or Sky,  
Hedless if they shine, or lour,  
All choiceless She—to live or die.

Death a relief—not felt to her.  
Life is—as once a Sorrow borne,—  
So heavily to her 'tis dealt,  
No thought has She of life's return,

Tho' from his habitations came the wind,  
Now scorching with the Simoon of the East,  
And now in wild career, with fury blind,  
The Northern stern, and cold, his teeth in her did feast.

The Sea bore tribute to her woe ;  
Raving, or murmuring memories ;  
And ever in their ebb, and flow,  
The fellow-wave, to the last wave replies.

And ever some great sense of coming Woe,  
Dark caverned in her breast, dead cold, did lie  
Without increase, or change, mysteriously :  
Thro' all that fearful gloom and night of time,

Like some dull bell,—o'er all her powers stealing,  
Solemn, and dread, at intervals, and slow ;  
Ever upon her, those sad tones are pealing :  
As Mourners they in dark procession go,

To graves all uninscribed where are together herded  
The dust-raised mounds, o'er which the living stumble  
Carelessly treading :—thoughtless these things filled  
The air breathed in this school of proud and humble.

\* \* \* \* \*

Waking,—the Sea heaved 'neath her like a pit,  
Awful, and full of monstrous shapes and eyes,  
And Hades' sulphurous lake seemed dimly lit,—  
Burning without disguise.

For all the phosphorescent water gleamed,  
And shone with many-coloured lights and tones,  
And full of varied life, as ever seemed  
Some undiscovered lake lost centuries have screened.

\* \* \* \* \*

By turns the fitful Elemental Sprites  
Pitied her state and shewed her hidden things,  
More gorgeous,—hideous,—and fantastic sights,  
Than poet sees or sings.

At one time came there by mountains of Ice,  
Holding Worlds past away (in crystal fast  
In giant ranges—as in a great vice,)  
Ere time consumed the fleshes of the past.

Preserved like amber flies,  
Came Adam's sons, and Shapes of angel frame ;  
Profligate in enormity, and dies ;  
Beyond all thought and name.

Strange glar'd upon her all the vanished world,  
From monstrous boles of trees, and shrubs, and plants,  
Wildly confusèd, and together hurl'd  
The darkened homes of men, their tenants, and their wants.

Bare were the secrets of the vanished world,  
Bare the grand types of infamy, and shame,  
The worst we have are innocent to those  
So common then,—and all our vices tame.

So steepèd were they in long-practised ill,  
That none amongst them raisèd word of blame;  
*Custom to Conscience, consecrated Will,*  
Manliness lending Crime its graceful weight and name.

\* \* \* \* \*

In one wild hour, the Sea was gathered up,  
And heap'd an Amphitheatre of hills:  
(The very cirræ clouds were in the cup,  
Enclos'd as man with ills.)

First the air (void of moisture) shewed for miles,  
Painfully keen, the form of all things present ;  
Then, mountain ranges, in their deep defiles,  
Grew clothed in verdure pleasant.

The emerald green grew, spotted in the sun,  
With jewels of all hues, and power amazing ;  
And gold, and silver, molten into one,  
In fiery founts were blazing.

Now seemed it like some star-galaxy throbbing,  
Now like some gorgeous, dim, half-lighted temple,  
Now Nature, tyred herself demure, and simple,  
And now, without example.

So rarefied the air, that miles away  
The dying dolphin's gorgeous colours gleam ;  
And round the towering pinnacles' blue-grey,  
The sea-gull, startled, swept with lonely scream.

Gathered beneath her at a wondrous depth  
The tenants of the hollow—deep far down  
Huge fishes trembled—like gigantic flies  
Upon the slimy grades of mingled grey and brown.

She seemed to her to hang o'er a great chasm,  
Altho' far from its edge, by many yards ;  
And frightened, thro' her ran a shuddering spasm,  
And her feet sought a hold in the keen pointed shards.

All the great deep was dry, and shewed the earth  
Of former days and times ;  
Before the Deluge Patriarch had birth,  
World of Titanic crimes.

Cities, and fields (alike, of glory shent,  
Since Man, o'er Centuries of Life repined,  
As a brief span unequalling Intent,  
And mocking each endeavour of his mind,) D

And palace shells, the slime of all the sea  
Earnestly striveth now to fill in vain ;  
Thousands of years to come that soil may hardly be  
Levelled, and vague, and plain.

These of such strength, tho' vexèd seas' wild labour  
Had worn the record from the vaunting stones ;  
The striding temples, whelming humbler neighbours,  
Bestrode the earth like meatless fossil bones.

Looking, as to our eyes, some old churchyard,  
Sad monument of stilled and solemn ages,  
Where fuse together, patient of regard,  
The Italics and base type of history's pages.

Gaunt, thin, and sere, skeleton-like, and savage,  
In vistas of strange arch, and curious column ;  
Wild in design, fantastic by Time's ravage,  
Peered out that strange place, like some hermit solemn.

Or prisoned man, some tyranny had mured,  
In Youth from all his kind—beneath a City ;  
And then in Age his bonds had broke for ruth,  
Revenge, in guise of Pity.

Standing outside the walls he dreads to leave,  
To him his gyves feel still upon his hands :  
The creatures of his cell for him will grieve,  
His Jailor's word, to go—he darkly understands.

Glistening with damp, and crusted web, and slime,  
With nails, like to some mountain falcon's talons,  
'Twixt which his eyes gleam, blinded with the light,  
And strange round tears of wilderment, and fright.

To find him there alone 'mid wondering crowds,  
That gibbering fill his native city's streets ;  
And o'er the general welcome that resounds,  
Come the old tones with which some fond acquaintance  
greets.

But the old words come not; that had the power  
To express thoughts, that struggle wild within:  
And from his bearded lips, babe tones now pour,  
With childish lisp, convulsively, and thin.

So of this fair and hapless Maid of song  
The vulture wind is memoryless to-day,  
Ceaseless inventive in devising wrong,  
Its infancy dashed tenderly the hectic bloom with grey

That cankerèd her parents; grave pausing 'neath the shadowing  
cedar trees,  
They bowèd saw, till blinded by their tears,  
Her name inscrib'd, by some adoring youth  
Whom death did snatch away in early years.

Denned here,—the Monsters of the Deep had homes,  
The Remnants they of the Creative Day;  
Beings to whom the Serpent is a worm;  
Leviathan's utmost power, were simple strength at play.

Forth from their holes they came, shelled, scaled and fleshy,  
With strange, surprisèd cries, and noises dismal ;  
As tho' they had been toilèd in a meshy,  
And monstrous Net, snared at a single haul.

Their fishy eyes turn'd upward there upon her ;  
And clamorous as a people many-landed  
With loud deep tones, cursing some stern oppressor,  
Misusing mighty power, iron-handed.

At length the steam evolved by the earth  
Heating the humid masses, from her eyes  
The wondrous sight remov'd ; giving dim birth  
To monstrous arches built of rainbow dies.

And as the Sea returnèd to his bed,  
The noise all former earthly sounds excell'd ;  
The undiscovered world on grandeur fed,  
Within its mighty span no equal held.

Niagara's torrent echo had seem'd dead,  
And the rejoicing roar that thundering told  
The Titan Gods expell'd ;—a sound as lead  
Emits, when pour'd from high into a mould.

One instant She scarce drew the breath of life,  
The next—a palpitating form she stands,  
Like to a quivering bough, releas'd from callous hands  
That did it nigh beyond a strain'd endurance bend.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Oft fragments of the Shattered Stars of Heaven,  
Disusèd Ministers of Fate's decrees,  
Were from their orbits by the Furies driven,  
And quenchèd in the brine of distant Seas.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Oft Nature's Spirit did possess the Ocean,  
(That mirrored the vast half Sphere o'er her domed,)  
With the Electric Source of heat, and motion,  
Till in one Globe of Fire the whole enormous loomed.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Once the vast Arch of Heaven was flattened back ;  
And laterally She saw into the void  
That yawned from Sea, to Sky,—a monstrous crack  
With all the Space between with vapour unalloyed.

And looking then—She saw in blue grey light,  
A multitudinous host of sheeted forms,  
That passèd by her from the left to right ;  
Some with calm face erect,—some bowed o'er hands, and  
breasts, and arms.

There on huge shields lay o'erthrown Warriors frowning,  
Here mighty Bards, sad lamentations pour'd ;  
Like woman-cries over some King discrowning ;  
Around,—dim confused heaps, lay banner, helm, and sword.

There the past Poets seemed to dream again  
The strange, fantastic, inner life they told  
Strange glimpses of to their wild fellow-men ;  
Inlaying dull coarse arms with threads of sunnèd Gold.

These were the Earth-soil'd Spirits ; those who wait  
The Trumpet summons of the Judgment time,  
Speechless expectant,—Hope, and Fear of Fate,  
Inmate the breasts of Innocence, and Crime.

All dormant, dreaming dimly in one herd  
The Rulers and the Rulèd,—Knaves and Fools  
By their earth passions outwardly unstirr'd,  
Head, Hands, and Feet—the Ascending and the Stools.

And following these, The Spirits which our air  
Keeps from our earth—*The Unbegotten Men*  
Of Future Ages passed by Her there,  
Like dust-charg'd wind into the void again.

In rosy Light these came, and past, and faded,  
Philosopher, and Seer, and Moral Teacher,  
Conning the lesson new, they taught, or aided,  
Theorist, and Example, Pupil, Preacher.

All these the strange Automata of God,  
The utterers of His messages to men,  
Lay quiet in her view, the Soother, and the Rod,—  
And Mystic, raving wild unfathom'd thought and ken.

Near blinded Homer, saddened Dante pondered  
O'er the dread Picture of the punished Souls,  
Amongst whose Shadows he tellèth he wandered  
Fainting and tender, at their plaintive doles.

There Shakespere slumbered in a mossèd Seat,  
And mused o'er many a gentle theme and tragic,  
He loved in the thereafter to repeat,  
Life-breathing darkened clay by a forgotten magic.

Great as the earth he rul'd, stood calm Virginia's Son,  
And firm with astute look, the mighty Ironside,  
And mantle-shrouded Cæsar, and anon,  
With face emotion-purged subtle Napoleon.

And ductile thoughted Socrates was there,  
And worldly Verulam, and Raffaelle gentle;  
And here a Hebrew King, with solemn air,  
Plannèd a mighty Temple.

Pondering She viewed these with informèd thought,  
That seemed dream-like to explain the mystic rings  
And cycled Times in which the Heroes wrought  
Upon the astonished World, like Genie Kings.

Until the last had past—there was a last  
Wearily following at the extreme verge  
Of a great Cruciform Light, all strongly cast  
On the sublimest minds that in it seemed to merge,

Whose essence their thoughts—tho' Kingly crowns,  
Laid humbly on the Altar-steps of God,—  
Their glory lost, in greater glory drowned,  
Absorbed as rain sinks in the porous sod !

\* \* \* \* \*

Thought-winged, her Mind once seemèd to outstrip  
The Shafts of Light that travel from the world  
Picture-impressed :—in varied dies they dip,  
And, then, in outer space are instant hurled

Sun-pictured, with the semblances of things,  
And men, in all the stages of their deeds,  
Ranged round the vacant Judgment Seat in rings,  
While the recording Scribe his page eternal feeds.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, one sad Image, (screening that High Seat,)  
Was all emotion wrapt and glory drown'd.  
The Face might no man see, for waves of light that beat  
Phosphoric o'er the whole—toning the dross around.

All glorious Thought pales by that Thought sublime  
As Him who did conceive HE might atone  
For sins of man done thro' all earthly time,  
By sufferings laid upon the world's crime-hidden altar-stone.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
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\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

And Visions darkly of the Future were  
Before her view in evanescent shade,  
Subtly illusive as the very air—  
And watched the stature of the World develope grade by grade.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

And chariotted Sprites, of daring rein,  
In fire-fountained bursts of dazzling flame,  
In phantom-fight, to the Zenith came ;  
Till panic-stricken,—sudden tame

Lest the calm glories of the morrow spread  
In silent triumph, rosy overhead,  
They wavering fly, to wastes 'twixt sea and sky,  
Within whose darkling jaws they sink confusedly.

These taught the Arctic world in after time,  
Wild faëry lore in haunted stream and cave,  
Pouring in ears of men aëriel rhymes,  
To the roll of torrent-rills, that misty mountains lave.

\* \* \* \* \*

The flying Clouds, and surging Sea do lie,  
Barren, and grey, about her once again ;  
Solitude sits in awful majesty,—  
And She a simple image seems merg'd in the engrossing  
strain.

\* \* \* \* \*

New muffled Silence stretched his arms, and stilled  
The air and ocean into grim repose,  
And Sleep imbued her,—by kind stars dew-filled,  
The opening Flower again all bright with glory glows.

A delicate complexioned, dark-eyed Maid,  
With shoulders rivalling the sea-froth pure,  
Was seen again, with Youth's bright front arrayed,  
And Hope was Lord anew, tho' late so sore dismayed.

Dreaming she saw the Ruler,—thundering Jove,  
Practise the lessons of Minerva sage ;  
And Venus teaching her bright man-child Love  
The inventive cunning of brow-wrinkled age.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oft many different kinds of gorgeous birds  
Were tempest toss, and sought a refuge there ;  
Denizens of the image zone, that girds  
The tropic earth and Eden's garden fair ;

In thick and countless droves of Orange, Blue,  
And Red, and Green, and Black,  
Harmoniously entwinèd in their hue,  
Shining all precious-stones, and gold,—breast, belly, wings,  
and back,

Streaming out o'er the Sea, and mazy-twined  
With natural art, and air, and tint, and tone,  
Beyond all mortal painters' art design'd,  
In flaming curve and line and shifting whirling zone.

And wandering by, Once came a guideless Bark,  
Whose worn crew, plague-struck, on the decks had died ;  
And dreary moanèd all the Masts at dark,  
When strange she stole from thence at twilight tide.

Once, half a dream, half waking, came there One,  
Beauteous, as Man may be, and Man remain ;  
Poisèd in air, feet wingèd like the Son  
Of Maia—Then he faded from again

Her amoured sight, and never He his eyes  
Did from her face remove She felt and knew :  
Impassionèd—their one thought only hies  
From each to each, till her eluded view

Traced nought upon that undulating air,  
That wavèd to and fro in the dead heat  
O'er the great Lybian Desert, parched and bare  
Once, where her sad Sire's place of royal seat

Flourish'd, till swept by mighty Neptune's sea  
Into a sandy plain—that mocked the eye  
With never-tasted waters, ceaselessly  
That seem sense-paltered travellers to fly.—

Thenceforth She seemed to shrine within her one  
That filled her mind like thrice repeated dreams,  
And charm'd existence as the genial Sun  
Rayeth sad places with his glory-streams.

Her Girlhood's years, mid flowery meads,  
Seemed pictured in Mind-dreams to rise ;  
Mild rivers, bathing shadowing reeds,  
Soft solacèd her now delighted eyes.

And mirror'd ocean-wave and clouded form,  
As reminiscences of childhood's prime,  
Where silence-steeped the ear on pastures warm,  
And among misted hills—hears bleats and tinkled chimes.

A Naïad's shell now mimics shepherd's pipe and hunter's horn,  
And her rapid fancy flieth from evening soft, and staid;—  
Where, radiance-rejoicing, lie, waiting in the morn,  
The country side's warm cattle,—and the birds in forest  
glade.—

Old-recollected Plants did spring on the stain'd sea-girt stone,  
Old Faces breathèd near her soft whispering words of home,  
Till an Insect in the sca-weed,—mocking the Bee's darting  
sultry drone,  
Startl'ing caused her to awake—She is standing there alone !

The happy simple life in Sylvan Meads,  
The smiling Children, with gazelles at play,  
Fade—Fast now the dried eyes yield cheek-scalding beads,  
Poor dumb attesting witnesses of her deep feeling's sway.—

That night the Rock itself was split with thunder,  
And thro' the sulphurous Chasm a huge Mass rolled  
Inert and sterterous—full of fear and wonder !  
Her dazzled eyes shewed nought but fire and gold

Upon the palpable darkness, fog and gloom,  
And the white Sea-birds flapping her, circling past,  
Fill'd more than other things her Soul's sad room  
With fears indefinite, and fancies ghast.

When her sight came, there slumbered at her feet  
A monstrous Shape—mis-shapen, serpent-tail'd ;  
Voiding a fume of mingled fire and sleet  
From its vast body, coarsely veined and mailed.

Rending the dead air with the direst sounds  
Multiplied by each hollow of the deep,  
The dissonant trumpet-notes her ear-court wounds,  
Bursting from nose, mouth, gills, and pores, in its meal-  
burthened sleep.

So passed the minute-counted night, and, now,  
The air seems breathèn as from some eastern harem  
Of full fair roses, that unnumbered grow  
In endless fields—and wan as morning-flushèd Snow.

And on the eastern Sky did a grey break  
Awfully widen—like dim dying eyes ;  
Then her dear native hills told on the expanding break,  
And as She watchèd these her life-love 'gan to rise.

Morn glow'd—and such a morn !  
Mocking her woe, it kissed each wave in turn  
In still delight :—joyously it came on,  
And the billows, beaming bright, to the laughing heavens  
yearn.

It even seemed to play with that vile form,  
So restless at her feet, in blazoned dies  
That glow and faint,—dying as they are born,  
And frolicked o'er his scales and vexed his eyes ;

Till, gnashing, he arose—with crash of scale,  
And cry, half-giv'n defiant at the sun,  
And half to clear his labouring breast, and veil  
The strange, unusual fears that thro' his bosom run.

For, never he, on earth, had upright stood,  
Or seen a human shape or eye  
With Mortal life, nor had the coursing blood  
Fed his carnivorous lust that gnawed unceasingly.

His nostrils, scenting prey, before his eyes  
Their office of perception had obeyed,  
Quieted him—but, when he her espies,  
The air-arch quivering rang to the trumpet-note that  
brayed.

With his collected strength, in one bound thrown,  
He rush'd upon her, and on either side  
Of her fair shoulders his forked claws were shewn,—  
And back he drew his Head and his jaws opened wide.

But, then, a Voice cried, “Lady, close thine eyes!”  
...A deep chill follow'd,—sense fled reason's seat,  
Save that some tender arm relaxed the binding ties  
And seemed to bear her thro' the æther fleet.

Brought (by the upper air, and motion) to,  
She found her cradled on the arm of Him,  
She yesterday had seen in airy blue,  
As a bright vision, vapour-wrapt and dim.

And thro' her hair, which shadow'd all her form,  
She saw his earnest eyes and pensive face,  
And felt assurèd and secure from harm,  
As does a babe within a mother's warm embrace.

And, on that Rock,—which Mariners avoid,  
Was seen a fearful SHAPE, in Emerald stone,  
Carvèd as quaint as if a Sculptor toy'd  
To make some rampant beast to guard a treasure lone.—

A Nation's Joy over that Patriot Maid—  
The Marriage-revels—that the Trials crown—  
The Parents fond,—the Hero-love display'd,  
Are left to be imaginèd,—Unshewn.

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## FUGITIVES.



\*  
THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

(I.)

DEAREST LADY !,  
Fairest Lady !  
My own heart's lovèd Queen !  
Under their shadowy fringelets  
Thy dark eyes glancing gleam.

Dearest Lady !  
My gracious Lady !  
As you outward seem,  
Thee, Indian-like, Thought followeth,—  
Love-Light, on Fancy's stream.

## THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

(II.)

### MAY-DAY—A PROCLAMATION.

DEAR LADY, by these Letters patent,  
We do hail thee QUEEN OF MAY ;  
And thy rule, with glory latent,  
Example of a Sovereign's sway

Over the heart exert ; let thy sweet smile,  
Like the full-orbèd Moon at rise of evèn  
Enlightening—charm this shadow-girded isle  
With an effulgence soft as that of Heaven.

Graced hadst thou the earlier Ages,  
We with joyful song and crown,  
And minstrelsy and blue-eyed pages,  
Leading thee thro' the forest brown,

Had crownèd thee mid loud hosannahs  
With fragrant Flowers pure as thou—  
What time the mighty Trees for banners  
Threw forth their young green leaves from e'en their  
topmost bough.

## THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

(III.)

SWEET WITCH, neither dark nor fair,  
But mellow-colour'd,—silver-voiced,—of winning air ;  
Enthronèd sitting, Fairy-Queen of spells,  
Subtly touching hearts, as a Minstrel Bells.

As when minstrel-bells,—the day being done  
(While the clouds gather round the dying sun),  
Break the calm of the quiet one by one,

Making a Melody sweet to hear,  
A melody, still to the memory dear ;  
When o'er the darkened sky the wearied clouds and sun  
Their radiance cease to spread in hues of gold and dun,

And Heaven's sole tenants seem some hesitating star,  
And the young crescent moon afar  
Above the distant Mountain-bar.

## THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

(IV.)

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN !, entering now

On the Noon of thy sunny Day,  
Accept my offering, proffered low,  
In lieu of worthier lay.

Had some great Prince of the Bardic-Kings

To thy praise swept the strings of his Harp of power,  
Such music had rung from its glorious strings  
In the fervid fury of the shower,

That thy name, as an Arch, in Heaven blest

With the Beatrice and Laura of elder time,  
A glorious Bow of peace and rest  
Had floated faward, clothed in rhyme.

Like the voice of some happy nightingale my flood of song  
should be ;

In even-tides, unshadowèd, full-streamèd, bright and free,  
Where Zephyrs fill the silken sails of wealthy argosies,  
That tribute bring from far dim isles—the Gems of fabled Seas;

To hail thee on thy natal day,  
Beauteous Flower of beauteous May',  
In a wondrously woven tune,—  
Melodiously rippling as silver streams in the sultry heat of  
noon,

Thro' space, all sense absorbing, in one continuous round  
Of cadence upon cadence, cloud-reflected to the ground,  
Thro' the hills and valleys echoing,  
An Universe of sound.

---

## THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

(v.)

### A CHRYSTMASSE KAROL.

HEAVEN save thee, merrie Lady !  
May nothing thee dismay,  
Nor cloud with passing sadness  
The mirth of Christmas day ;  
But an ever-glowing growing gladness  
Gild each recurring year,  
Till, in happy Age shall close, the eye and the  
portals of the ear.

All distant be that hour, and long  
May Time his May-Queen lead among  
The labyrinthine-press that throng  
The involvèd dance of Life.  
And innocent shall gaily swell  
Thy bosom, as thou hearest tell

Of the wondrous Old and New,  
Of the Earth-Morning fresh with dew,  
Its Day-strength like dark shining yew,  
And now the Zenith-blaze ;  
Ne'er be it unto our time given  
To see Light breaking from the Heaven  
In blurred and doubtful haze.

Howe'er this be 'neath mistletoe and holly,  
Thro' garland walks of evergreen,  
Strewn with amaranth and moly,  
And broken lights of lustrous sheen,  
May ever be thy way,  
Time's sweet May-Queen !

---

## WORDS.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS, they are cheering things at times :  
Words, Words, Words, they are like to simple rhymes ;  
They form in the Ear of Sadness  
A Paradise oft-times.

When the beat of the Heart is low and rare,  
Webbed by Spider-toils of dark Care's shrouds,  
WORDS, like delivering Angels, flame on the dark air—  
And as some Granite peak the Soul looks on its ruin'd  
Clouds.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

MY DEAR dead Master; like a Roman thou  
Didst live and die—a Patriot, to whom ART  
Was Realm Imperial; around thy towering brow  
The Laurel of a Soldier (great in heart  
And dauntless energy) should unwithering twine.—  
Impatient labourer for the public weal,  
Thy Morning-Harp did echo the sublime  
Of other Days and Lands,—but thou did'st feel  
Th' indifference of the World too piercingly,  
And swept, impetuous o'er the wires thy hand  
With a great cry at Sunset,—utterly  
Rending them, and spreading wide  
A wave of plaintive sorrow thro' the land.

## THE EMBLEM.

STRANGE RELIC ',

That hangeth waiter-like behind my chair,  
With jagged profile and unchanging stare.

Thou, certainly, hast shuffled off thy coil,  
And stand'st almost immortal;

Little would  
Thy structure e'er have troublèd the soul  
With sallies of the blood.

Hadst thou been all th' endowment of mortality,  
Eve had not been;  
Nor yet the bitter apple—a fatality:  
Knowledge had stood confessed  
And simple seen.

He grins for ever,  
Yet his eyes  
Seem inner-thoughted  
To philosophize.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH, with Time's golden sands  
Played, while he thought the old man slept :  
Time stole upon him while he played ;  
For his lost time the Agèd wept.

“ The golden sands, the olden sands,  
Where are they now ? ” the grown man wept :  
In silver-grey heaps lay the golden-bands  
Of the bygone Dreams of the young adept.

TO A FRIEND.

DEAR W.

December 14, 1848.

What are you doing now?  
Billing or Cooing now?  
Or Painting or Smoking now?  
Just as before!

Cheltenham scorning,  
Raby adorning,  
Your pockets warming,  
E'en as of Yore!

When shall we see you here?  
When past the Christmas cheer,  
And on the coming year,  
We look to the fore?

Write a letter to say:  
But don't put it away,  
As has been your way,  
Sometimes before.

## THE SUPERSCRIPTION.

Postmen of the various classes,  
Thro' whose hands this Letter passes,  
Subordinates of Maberly,  
I look to ye;  
From "Receivers" whom the law allows  
As meet as thieves to feel her blows,  
To "Sorters," and ye, of lower grade  
So over-worked, so under-paid,  
And well or ill no tarriers.  
Ye Letter-Carriers',  
Seek out that able Portrait Painter;  
Limner of Nature's hues, but little fainter,  
And this deliver to the gifted wight,  
Who is Edwin Ws. dight,  
Very worthily an Esquire',  
Resident now at No. 3,  
Bedford B  
uildings—Cheltenham—Glo'stershire.

1849.

NOVEMBER.

THE OLD KING holds, mid faded state,  
A tarnished sceptre—o'er far lands  
The sinking Sun with crimson stains  
Spotteth his thin and trembling hands.

He hath cancelled the page of his father King,  
As resistless wind o'er inscribèd sands  
Breatheth the surface blank again,  
Or water wasting cultured lands.

From his own records are stricken deeds  
That had made him famous in Story long—  
—A spendthrift Son, like worthless weeds  
Are wasted the seeds of deathless Song.

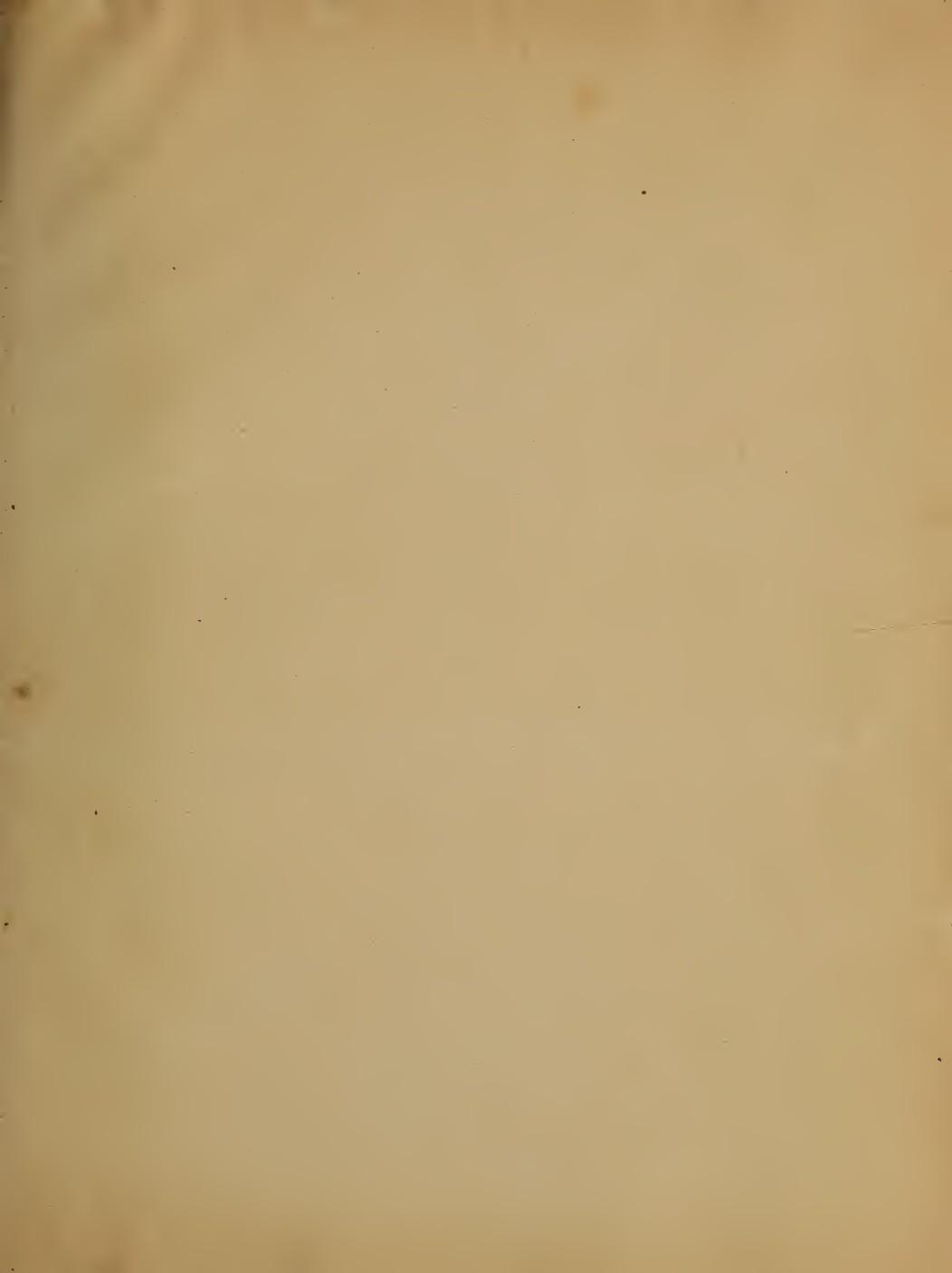
## THE BARON'S HAND.

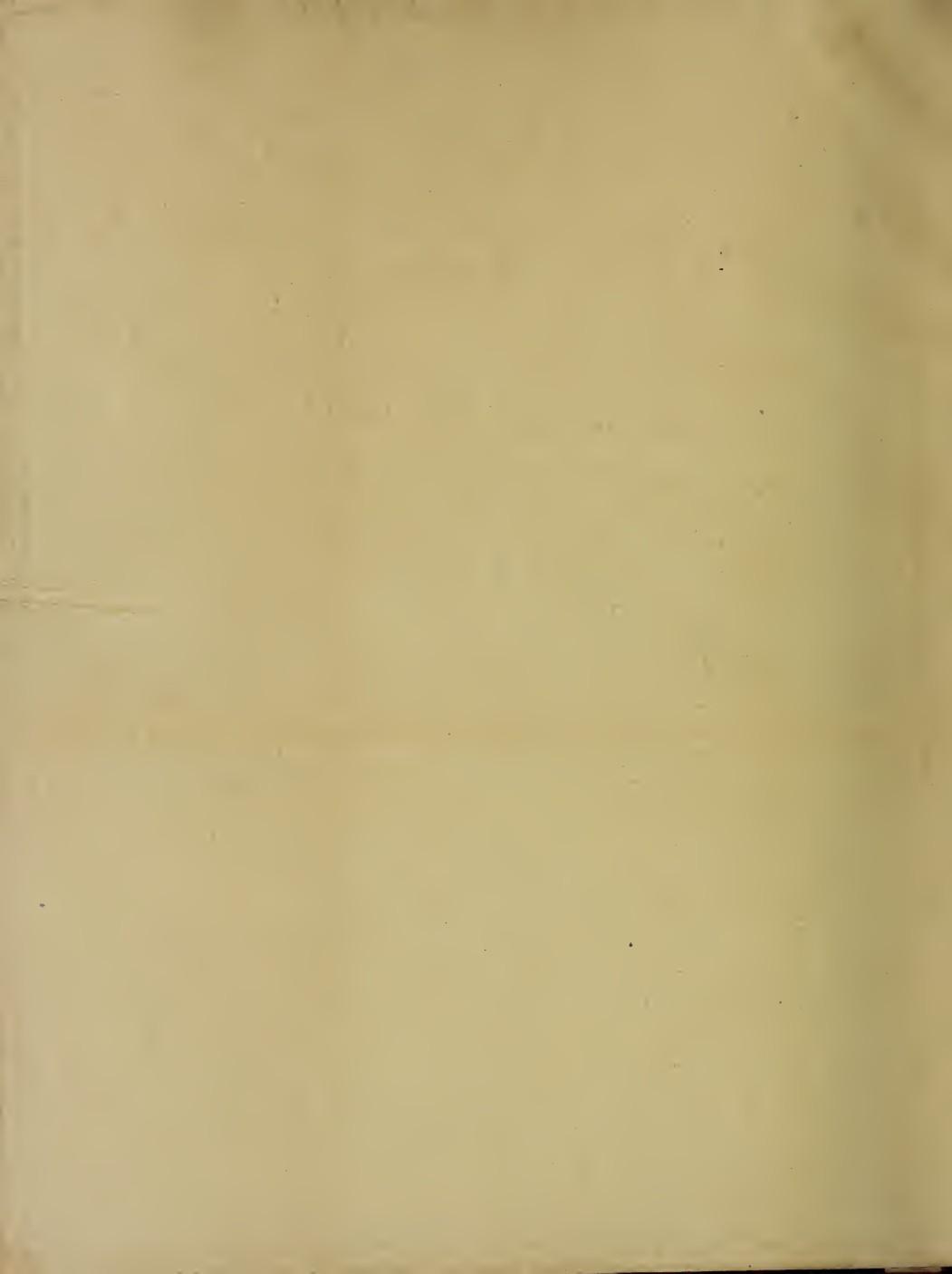
### A PICTURE.

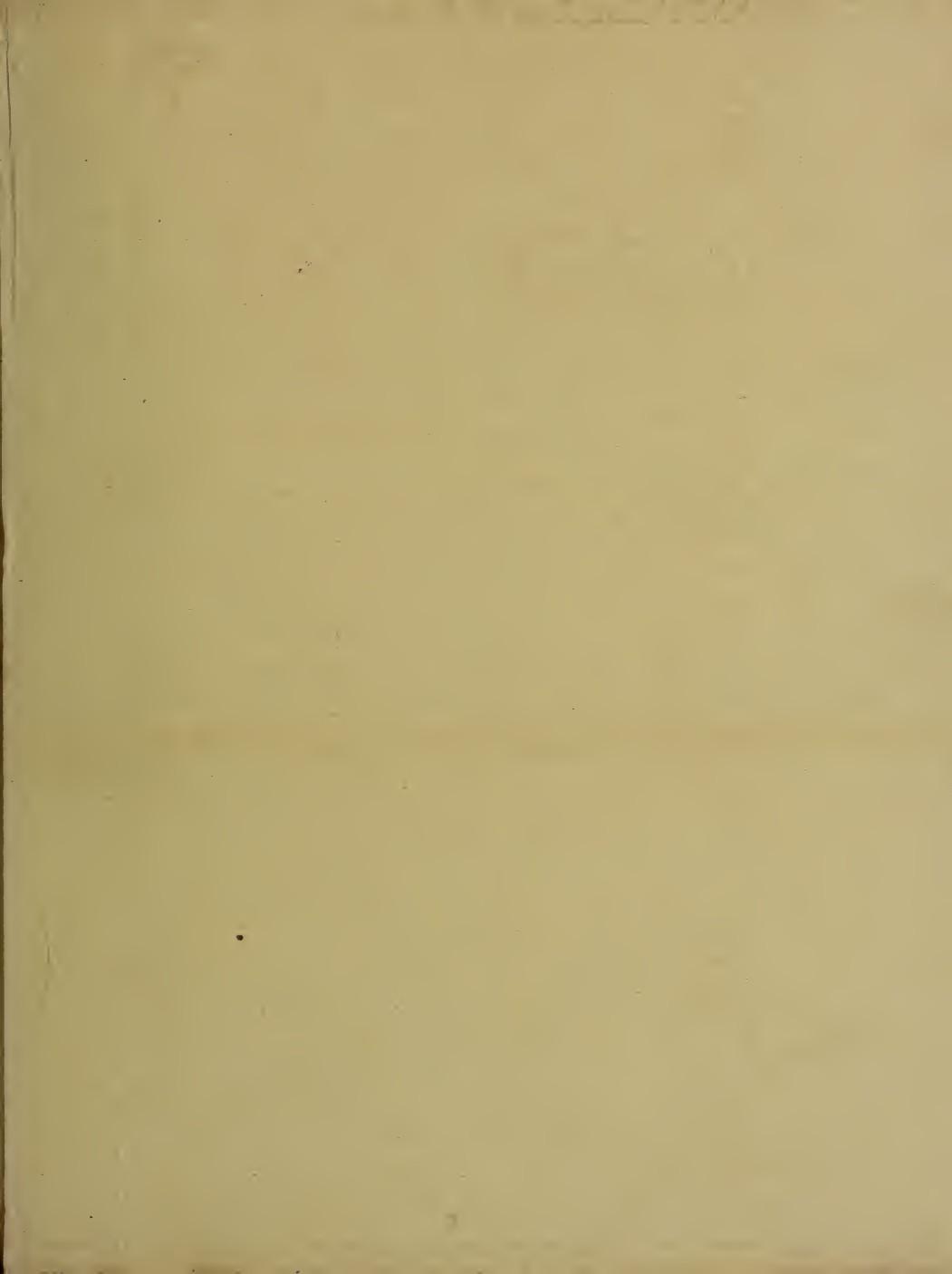
CAUTIOUSLY up the narrow stair,  
With stealthy pace and slow,  
That felon LORD hath wound him there,  
And his breath is hush'd and low ;  
And the fast'nings are freed with a subtle hand,  
Like a spider feigning doth he stand—  
An unrelenting foe.

THE END.

HENRY LUCAS, PRINTER, 3, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND.





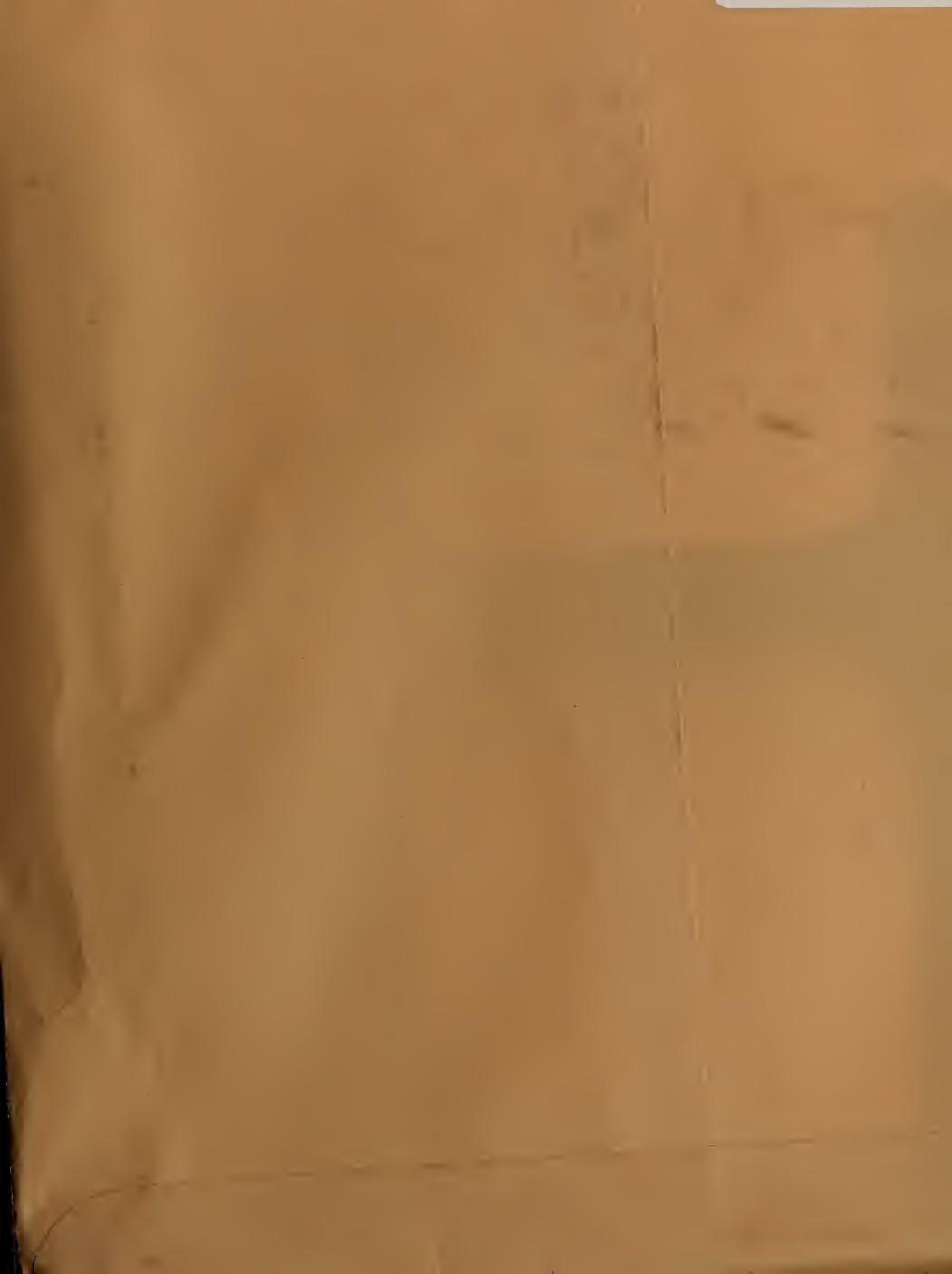


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